

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES:

K

ORIGINAL AND COLLECTED;

By a CLERGYMAN *of Northamptonshire,*

LATE OF TRINITY COLLEGE,

C A M B R I D G E.

L O N D O N :

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MICHELLIANUS PIERON

ORIGINAL COLLECTION



ADVERTISEMENT,

THE Author begs leave to inform the courteous Reader, that the publication of the following trifling pieces, was intirely owing to the encouragement of a most worthy friend, who by chance having seen some of them, thought they might not be unworthy of the public eye.

That so far from any such idea ever having struck himself, he actually had scarce a single copy by him, but was obliged to have recourse to those friends to whom they had *occasionally* been written, and (more than the author cou'd deserve, or even have thought of) had most of them still respectfully in their possession.—And to whose kind assistance also, he is happy as well as bound to acknowledge some of the chief embellishments in the following volume.

E R R A T A.

Page 5, line 4. for S E E N E read S C E N E.—
P. 6, l. 17, for plantive r. plaintive.—P. 7, l. 20,
for raise r. rise.—P. 13, l. 3, for pictate r. pietate.—
P. 16, l. 18, for Me thought, r. Methought.—P. 21,
last line, for the, r. thee.—P. 24, l. 14, for fors
enopina, r. fors inopina.—P. 31, l. 13, for this, r.
his.—P. 60, l. 5, for existance, r. existence.

The Reader it is hoped will pass over with an indulgent
eye, any inaccuracies he may meet with, as the
Author was Eighty Miles from the press when the
book was printed.



A U T U M N.
A
P A S T O R A L.

S E E N E, S U D B O R O W.
T I M E, T H E E V E N I N G.

C O R Y D O N A N D T H Y R S I S.

C O R Y D O N.

SAY! Thyrsis, say! what griefs thee now assail,
That Thyrsis looks so wild, so wan, so pale!
Tell Corydon, what ills betide thee now,
And ev'ry care will Corydon bestow?

If ewes or lambs you've lost; away full soon
I'll hie, and seek them by the midnight moon,
And bring them safe to Thyrsis back again;
So tell, Oh! tell to Corydon thy pain.

The above was written on the death of a young man,
son of a farmer at Sudborow, Northamptonshire, by a
kick from a horse, in the evening of October the 3d.

1775.

The Epitaph is on his Grave-stone in Sudborow
Church-yard.

T H Y R S I S.

Oh! Shepherd! when you hear our dismal tale,
 You ne'er will ask why Thyrsis looks so pale?
 For neither ewes nor lambs does Thyrsis mourn,
 These, these are losses easy to be borne.

But for a youth, well known on these our plains,
 Your Thyrsis in his breast this grief sustains;
 His name, young * Chlorus, and a name of love
 To ev'ry Shepherd in the neighb'ring grove.

I'll sit me down this purling stream along,
 While you his praise rehearse in rural song;
 And, Oh! while you his sad and timeless doom,
 Engrave for future ages on his tomb.

C O R Y D O N.

Ill fated Thyrsis! such sad news to bear;
 And, Ah! ill fated Corydon to hear
 The plaintive tale! young Chlorus well I knew,
 For we from infancy together grew.

Oft have we at the self-same table fed,
 Drank at one brook and eat the same brown bread:
 But now, alas! all happiness is o'er,
 My bliss is gone, since Chlorus is no more.

* Chlorus, deriv'd from a Greek word, which
 signifies the beautiful green of the new grass in spring;
 and hence us'd for gay and florid youth.

Full oft I've seen him at the early dawn,
 Tending his ewes and lambs on yonder lawn;
 His ewes and lambs would gambol on the plain,
 When e'er they saw their gay and blithsome swain;
 But they and I, Ah me! may now deplore
 In vain our loss; for Chlorus is no more.

Weep ev'ry sylvan muse! Oh! weep for him,
 Whom late ye saw so blithe and gayly trim!
 His youthful chin scarce felt the tender down
 E'er he had made your beauties all his own.

How have you hear'd him pipe on oaten reed!
 How seen him briskly dance it o'er the mead!
 But, Oh! the mead no more he'll dance along,
 No more delight you with his artless song.

The muse and I may now alternate moan,
 For song has left us, now our shepherd's gone.
 The brook where oft he drank (and drank with me)
 Now silent flows beneath each weeping tree;
 The birds all silent sit on ev'ry spray,
 Nor raise betimes to hail the op'ning day.

There's not a fragrant flowret in the fields,
 But now its fragrance with reluctance yields.

The lilly droops, the rose it's sweets withholds,
 And now it's filken arms in sorrow folds:
 The pinks grow pale, and lose their native hue,
 And all, dear Chlorus, for the loss of you.

Mourn, Oh ye nymphs! for, Ah! with you, ye fair;
 He ne'er again will tend his fleecy care:
 No more from him you'll hear the pleasing tale
 On yon proud hill, or down yon humble vale.

At morn we saw him, jocund, blithe, and well;
 But, lo! at ev'ning tide you hear'd his knell.
 The trees you see their leafy honours shed,
 And all in honour of young Chlorus dead.

But let us tell who in this spot doth lie,
 That he who passeth here, may read, and sigh:

E P I T A P H.

A Youth beneath this hallow'd earth is laid,
 Who his last debt to nature early paid.
 Scarce had he seen the eighteenth circling fun,
 E'er he his fragil thread of life had spun.

Sweet were his manners as his face was fair,
 And pure his thoughts, as was the vernal air:
 No costly trophies round his tomb are hung,
 But truth's fair form, which ever grac'd his tongue.

His doating parents did he leave behind,
 To wail their loss and mourn his fate unkind;
 While he from earth untimely snatch'd away,
 Treads the bright regions of eternal day.

T H Y R S I S.

NONE better, Chlorus, could have sung thy praise ;
 None better, Corydon, have deserv'd thy lays.
 The winds ne'er floated half so smooth along
 As now they float upon thy soothing song.

Attentive silence hangs on every breeze,
 Which slowly plays around the tremb'ling trees ;
 The silver brooks in gentle murmurs flow,
 As in the moving verse your numbers glow.

But see the sun slopes 'hind yon western hill,
 And ev'ning clouds unwholsome dews distill ;
 Let's home-ward bend our weary steps, and know
 He lives in bliss above, while we're in woe.



JANY. 1785.

TO LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK,

By her most obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

SWEET Cherub, sure you'll ne'er refuse
The visit of an humble muse,
Who on her little pad must go,
And amble 'long thro' B——k-snow:
E'er she arrives at Amphill's gate,
And there her Gertrude's pleasure wait.

A wreath of flowers she wou'd have made,
But flow'rs, when thou art absent, fade,
Good wishes, are her choicest store;
These, these she sends. You ask no more.

Save, that a muse this festive time,
May frolic in a little rhyme;
Which to be sure is in her power,
Altho' she mayn't present a flower.

Except indeed it shall be such,
 As springs with instantaneous touch
 Of magic wand, struck on that ground
 Where Jove's own daughters sport around,
 And where the Graces, neatly dight, †
 All free and easily-polite,
 With Pope, Mat Prior, Swift and Gay;
 Add lustre to the God of Day.

On such a spot as this, we know,
 Such flowers as these, alone will grow;
 But, hark! * Voltaire just whispers: " See,
 Ampthill! that fav'rite spot must be. "

† Simplex Munditiis.

* Lady ANN FITZPATRICK had lately honour'd
 the Author with a sketch of Voltaire, of her Lady-
 ship's own drawing.

BISHOP LOUTH'S EPITAPH
ON HIS DAUGHTER.

CARA, vale! ingenio præstans, pictate, pudore;
Et plusquam natæ nomine, cara, vale.
Cara Maria, vale! at veniet felicius ævum
Quando iterum tecum (sim modo dignus) ero
Cara redi, læta tum dicam voce, paternos
Eja age, in amplexus, cara Maria, redi.

Translated by the Author.

Farewell, belov'd! adorned with ev'ry grace!
Of Genius, Piety, and the virgin face.
Farewell! still more belov'd by that dear name
Of Daughter, 'live or dead, to me the same.

Farewell, my dear Maria! time will come,
When I shall rise from out my awful tomb,
(Oh! may I at that day but worthy be)
Next to my God, to live and talk with thee.

Then joyful say—"Return! belov'd! return,
Where, where a father's flame shall ever burn."

By a F R I E N D.

HA I L, dear Maria, blest'd with ev'ry grace,
An angel's softness and a virgin's face
In all the arts excelling as in fame,
But more excelling in a daughter's name.

Oh! for that happy moment which shall come!
When worthy thee I leave my native home,
Again to view my child, and to entwine
The dear Maria in her father's shrine.

In Imitation of Shakespear.

HENCE! vile Ingratitude!

Thou with thy gangrene tooth,
 Bitest in twain fair mem'ry of fair deeds —
 Thou worst of lethargies to ennobled souls.
 Some fiend in direful labour brought thee forth :
 Her food the rankest poppy in the field,
 Gather'd by the hag that nurs'd her, to assuage
 Those pains that writh'd her womb. From her fell breasts
 Thou suck'd'st most eager the envenom'd milk.
 Hence deadly poison rankles in thee, worse
 Than that which reeks beneath the adder's tongue.
 Thou'rt blotcht all o'er with ills. Thy slightest touch
 Withers the soundest hand. Thy breath doth blight
 The goodliest blossom on the tree of life,
 Making the heart of man a barren foil——
 But thou shalt die, and all the world intomb thee :
 The pit, dank, deep, yea, bottomless, yawns for thee---
 Hence! vile Ingratitude!

To the Right Hon. Earl of *Upper Ossory*.

The following Trifle is most humbly offer'd by his
Lordship's most obedient

And obliged humble Servant,
The AUTHOR.

A

P A S T O R A L,

ON THE DEATH OF

A H E N - P H E A S A N T.

Scene—Farming Woods.

Time—The Morning.

THYRSIS AND DAMÆTAS.

T H Y R S I S.

AS late in musing, pensive mood,
Just as the bird that ne'er can rest,
But with a thorn at her breast
I roam'd thro' yonder brown-leaf'd wood,
Me thought I hear'd the accents wild
Of one whom frantic love, like me, beguil'd.

D A M Æ T A S.

Say, Shepherd, if you can rehearse
The little warbler's plaintive verse,
For partners in our griefs, we know,
Oft serve to sooth each other's woe.

T H Y R S I S.

No more the cyprian grove shall please,
No more I'll wave me on this bough,
She's gone! for ever gone! no breeze
Shall ever waft me to her now.

Where shall I find another mate,
To me so tender in her love!

Alas! Ah hard! Ah cruel fate!
* Itys in solitude must rove.

Oh! † Mars! thy day shall hateful be,
To those that crop the flow'ry lawn,
And every bird as well as me
Shall sicken at thy rising dawn.

Thus sang sad Itys: and his song
Re-echo'd thro' the neigh'ring grove;
So deep the sorrow, and so strong
The pangs of disappointed love.

* Turn'd into a Pheasant. Ovid. Met. 6. B.

† It was kill'd—Die Martis—Oct. 29, 1782.

D A M Æ T A S.

Then grieve not, shepherd, at thy loss,
 Nor let the tear incessant flow,
 Winds don't the ocean always tofs,
 Hills are not always topt with snow.

A cenotaphium then I'll raise
 For that poor bird's beloved mate,
 Adorn'd (Ah! not with her) but praise;
 And on it too inscribe thy fate.

E P I T A P H.

THE loveliest of the feather'd race
 Here claims the passing tear,
 For beauty, truth and matchless grace
 To Itys ever dear.

He lost her in life's virgin prime,
 As Thyrsis did HIS love;
 Your grief, sad Itys ends with time;
 HIS, will eternal prove.

ACON AND LEONILLA.

LUMINE Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,

Et potis est formâ vincere uterque deos.

Blande puer, lumen, quod habes, concede parenti ;

Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

By the A U T H O R.

ACON, his right eye lost, and of her left

The lovely Leonilla was bereft.

Yet Acon still, and Leonilla too

The very gods in beauty both out-do.

Sweet boy, thine eye to thy fair mother give,

Thus thou a Cupid, she'll a Venus, live.

By a F R I E N D.

ACON and Leonilla both were blind,
 Each of one eye, so angry Jove design'd.
 In form superior else those would have been;
 Between the two some god or angel seen.

Go gentle youth, let Leonilla boast,
 That eye from you, which she before had lost.
 Thus you the god of love will hearts entwine,
 And she superior e'en to Venus shine.



E P I G R A M,

By Dr. J O H N S O N.

LIBER ut esse velim suafisti pulchra Maria,
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

Humbly imitated, by the AUTHOR.

OFT, dear Maria, hast thou sung
“ Sweet liberty ” to me :
My soul on ev’ry accent hung;
How then could I be free !

Oh ! hide those eyes ! Oh ! stop that voice !
Nor bid me hence be free :
For if sweet liberty’s my choice,
Adieu ! sweet nymph, to thee.

By a F R I E N D.

WHEN thou, Maria, with an Angel’s voice,
Proclaim’st me free, how happy is thy choice !
To hear thee sing, is liberty’s sweet theme,
To view the singing, slavery extreme.

To DANIEL YORKE, Esq. of Thrapston,

Who was Member of the Society there for fifty-one
Years, on his retiring from the Club.

ACCEPT, my friend, the wreath I twine,
An humble off'ring at thy shrine,
No fordid flatt'ry, no grimace
Which shoves your courtiers into place
In B——k's vicar shall you find
But glowings of an honest mind.

So many years! and gone at last!
Then intellectual, sweet repast
Farewell! farewell that magic pow'r
Which brighten'd ev'ry social hour.

In Yorke, both wit and humour shone,
For Yorke and humour were but one.
His converse ever such, as must
Strike out reflections bright and just.

He like the orb superior roll'd,
And deck'd his planets round with gold:
Why does he now then hide his beams,
And leave us but his partial gleams!

To Miss A. M. on her Birth-day.

MAY this blest day distinguish'd lustre wear,
 And shine the brightest in the circling year !
 No sullen gloom it's radiant face annoy,
 No care, no anxious thought your bliss destroy :
 But ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry blessing meet,
 To make your happiness this day compleat.

May it thus perfect, thus compleat still last,
 May each succeeding year excel the last ;
 While Nature's self exhausted of her store,
 Shall kindly give, till thou can'st ask no more.



The following lines were written on account of a remarkable large oak in Geddington Chase being on the 2d of June, 1780, shivered to pieces by lightning, several of which were thrown a considerable distance, and one large limb in particular was by the force of the shock drove into the ground a great depth.

IN QUERCUM FULMINE PERCUSSAM.

HÆC, hæc, en! arbor! quæ fulminis icta furore,
Concidit! en! sylvæ gloria prisca suæ!

At nunc huc illuc sparguntur membra, decoro

Nunc gemitu dominam flet nemus omne suam.

Oh! ter felices humili lare! vos neque quercus

Nec vos fortunæ fors enopina rapit.

Imitated by a F R I E N D.

BY Jove's red Arm high tow'ring in its pride
The knotted oak was struck and instant died;
The limbs now scatter'd fill the groves vast plain,
The Sylvan gods can scarce their loss sustain.
Thrice happy they who born to low estate,
Fall not the victims of superior fate

On the sudden Death of an only favorite Child, aged
Five Years.

FAREWELL! sweet infant! soon thy thread is
Too soon, alas! we've seen thy setting sun. (spun!
Oh fate! Oh! ruthless fate! to thus destroy
The parent's only care, and only joy.

To crop their lovely flow'r, e'er up it sprung;
That flower, o'er which in rapture both have hung:
Farewell, dear innocence! thy soul is fled,
Where thy great maker is with light o'erspread.

Still then let this thy parents' grief restrain;
That their short loss, is thy eternal gain.

E P I T A P H,

Written on a Tomb-stone of a young Lady in a
Church-yard in Kent.

Inserted by Desire of a Friend.

BLUSH not, ye fair, to own me, but be wise,
Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes.
Fame says, and fame alone can tell how true,
I once was lovely, and lov'd like you.

Where are my vot'ries? where my flat'ers now?
Gone with the subject of each lover's vow.
Adieu! the roses red, and lillies white,
Adieu! those eyes, which made the darkness light.

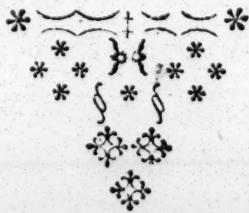
No more, Alas! that coral lip is seen,
No longer breaths the fragrant gale between.
Turn from your mirror, and behold in me
At once, what thousands can't, or dare not see.

Unvarnish'd I the real truth impart,
 Nor here am plac'd, but to direct the heart.
 Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe
 The grave may terrify, but not deceive.

On beauty's fragil base no more depend,
 Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end;
 Here drops the mask, here shuts the final scene;
 Nor differs grave threescore, from gay fifteen.

All press alike to that same goal, the tomb,
 Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Chloe's bloom.
 When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
 Learn hence the lesson, to be vain no more:

Here virtue still against decay can arm,
 And e'en can lend mortality a charm.



C U P I D L O S T,

O R,

A Hue and Cry after the God of Love.

(Translated from the Greek of Moschus).

VENUS had lost her darling son, and cry'd,
 If any has the little wanderer spied,
 Oh! let him tell me where he now can rove,
 And I'll reward him with the pledge of love.
 Bring him to Cyprus where you shall receive
 A kiss, and all a mother has to give.
 The boy's remarkable: observe the signs,
 His piercing eye with radiant lustre shines,
 Which darts resistless force; his talk is sweet,
 And melting accents palliate his deceit.
 His words are of his mind the sheer reverse;
 His voice is magic; but if enrag'd, he's fierce;
 A cozz'ning, false, perfidious urchin, who
 In cruel play delights his power to shew.
 His ringlets careless hang: a wanton grace
 Sports in the air of his enchanting face.

His hands are small : yet darts on darts can throw,
 And wound the gods above, or gods below.
 His limbs are naked, but his mind is hid ;
 His plyant wings he moves with active speed.
 Wheree'er he likes, imparts a pleasing pain,
 Or to the royal maid or village-swain.
 A little bow and dart (his arms) he bears,
 A golden quiver at his side he wears,
 Replete with poison'd arrows ; whose dread sway,
 Not men alone but gods themselves obey ;
 Wheree'er you find him keep him fast ; nor heed,
 Should he a few dissembled tears then shed.
 And, if he laughs, depend some treach'rous wile
 Lurks in the dimple of each gilded smile.
 Or if he'd kiss you, the sweet mischief fly,
 Nor dare the magic of his lips to try,
 For poisons there in secret ambush lie.
 And if he offers you his bow or dart,
 The boon suspect, and doubly guard your heart :
 They're dangerous gifts ; Oh ! touch em' not, beware !
 From all love's arms, a dire infection fear.

C U P I D F O U N D.

TO beauty's queen, full wing'd I sped,
 And claim'd my nectar'd prize;
 To Amphill then the goddess led,
 And shew'd her — GERTRUDE's eyes.



In the Author's Study.

Short Rules to be observ'd by all
who on the B———k-Vicar call.

WHOE'ER within this roof doth come,
Let him the robe of mirth put on,
For brow austere and looks demure,
The master of it can't endure.

If he should be in studious fit,
Why! in the study he may fit:
But if inclin'd to laugh and talk,
Then in the parlour let him walk,
And in the wheel of each narration
Put in this spoke of conversation:
Let those who thus shall honour me,
Be as at home, and just as free.

Know then, a flower in ev'ry room
Here grows, in full eternal bloom:
Hearts-ease, tis call'd: and may each guest
Pluck off that leaf he likes the best.

A S C O T C H A I R,

To the beautiful Spinster of——

O H! cou'd I weave in Fancy's loom
Some wreath for thee like—Bonny broom
I'd be another RAMSAY foon

And you, my Katharine Ogie.

To mountains high or vallies low,
In biting frosts, or knee-deep snow,
With thee in pleasure's carr I'd go
My sweetest Katharine Ogie.

If thousand labors were in view,
And all the task impos'd for you,
I don't know what I wou'd not do,
To gain my Katharine Ogie.

AN ENGLISH-AIR,

By KATHARINE OGIE.

Related, (as by Records seen)
To the Sweet Kate of Aberdeen.

COME sweet Robin, come away,
Quit, Oh ! quit that leafless spray ;
Prithee be no longer coy,
Nothing here shall thee annoy.

Soon as the dawn appears, I'll up
And frait my chamber-window ope,
And then my Robin take thy rest,
Safe perch'd upon your mistress' breast.

Cou'd I but sing like *Highland Queen*,
Or like sweet *Kate of Aberdeen*,
My songs shou'd echo here and there,
And Oh ! the *Bonny Broom*, my air.

Oh ! cou'd I chirp *The Broom*, 'like thee
Then I your *Highland Queen* might be,
And then for ever shou'd I doat
Upon thy love inspiring note.

On Mr. GAY'S MONUMENT,

In Westminster Abbey.

LIFE is a jest, and all things shew it:

I thought so once, but now I know it.

IN C E R T I A U T O R I S.

I F life's a jest, as once you thought,

'Tis what the Apostles never taught :

And if as you say——All things shew it ;

The QUICK as well as DEAD must know it.



On hearing a Lady Playing and Singing.

WHAT sounds enchant my ravish'd ear
 When thy sweet warbling voice I hear,
 When thro' the mellow liquid throat
 You thrill the love-inspiring note.

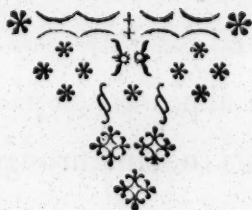
When the quick finger lightly plays,
 And dances o'er the trembling keys;
 Scarce Orpheus self did whilom bring
 Such music from his silver string.

If on the plaintive strains you dwell,
 Your strains Melpomene excell,
 Who opes her fadly pleas'd ear,
 And as she listens, drops a tear.

If mirth invites, or sprightly joy,
 Your livelier vocal powers employ;
 Apollo, 'midst his tuneful throng,
 Hails thee sweet queen of either song.

The AUTHOR having jokingly been called fool, by
 a person whose picture was painting, wrote the
 following lines extempore.

P AINTER, in this thou reason'st well,
 Ne'er about brains to make a pother
 Apelles could not more excell,
 The one is now so like the other.



V E R S E S,

Address'd to Lord OSSORY,

On a favourite Horse, named SCHOOL-BOY,

Winning Two Plates at Newmarket,

IN ONE SEASON.

YOUR *School-boy*, my Lord, should with
(laurels be crown'd,

And some happy Pindar his praises resound.

So let us hence dub him when next time he starts

No longer the *School-boy* but *Master of Arts*.

To Lady GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK, with a Pen
drawn at the top of the Paper, which is supposed
to address her Ladyship.

TO thee, sweet Gertrude, have I flown,
And left the Vicar all alone ;
To pore it o'er his *heathen* Greek,
While we in christian language speak.
I own I thought him something once
But, *entre nous*, he's quite a dunce ;
He knows that two and two make four,
But hang me if he knows much more.
His genius is not worth a groat,
He's always hunting for a thought,
Instead of having it full pat,
Just starting forth for this 'or that,

Like you or me who when we will,
Can shew a far superior skill;
And let him see when we're together
That we can beat him with a feather.

Sweet Gertrude let thy lilly hand
Be henceforth but my magic wand ;
Then in the fiery car I'll rise
Of Shakespear's genius to the skies ;
And should they ask how there I came,
Inscribe in types of gold—thy name.



V E R S E S,
ADDRESS'D TO
The Rev. Mr. O C K L E Y,
ON HIS PUBLISHING
The HISTORY of the SARACENS.

PARDON, dear Sir, nor let thy worth refuse
The grateful tribute of an humble muse ;
Which, while your praise she vent'rous dares to sing,
Plumes to sublimer heights her new-fledg'd wing.
But how shall thy immortal fame be sung,
While language all is thine, and every tongue ?
May some diviner bard thy fame compleat,
Whose strains are lofty, and whose song is sweet.

Sewel or Prior, whose enchanting lays,
 Heroes, and Heroes' deeds can deck with praise,
 He, who wou'd all thy worth and merit show,
 More tongues than Fame herself can boast, shou'd know.
 In dusky gloom these mould'ring records lay,
 To time and worms a long unenvi'd prey.
 In silence sad these authors long remain'd,
 And, AS ENTOMB'D, in their dark cells lay chain'd.
 Till, by the lustre of thy learning's ray,
 Thou, like another Phœbus, gav'st them day.
 What wond'rous force the mighty work implies!
 They pure, refin'd and all immortal rise.
 So well thou dost describe each pleasing scene,
 As thou an actor thro' the whole had'st been.
 And giv'st our ravish'd hearts such full delight,
 That while we read, we feel each manly flight.

We hear the bleeding martyr's dying moan,
 And the sad, pitying heart gives groan for groan.
 Go on, great Sir, and store thy native isle,
 With the rich products of thy learned toil :
 Proceed, and thy immense design compleat,
 And as thy worth, may thy reward be great.
 But shou'd a vicious and degenerate age,
 (Which neither pulpit can reform, nor stage)
 Not think thy learned labours worth their care,
 And a time-serving dangerous set prefer ;
 Yet the succeeding age shall raise thy fame,
 And in thy praises, their disgrace proclaim.



On a neat Country Parsonage House.

SALVE, parva Domus, sanctisque dicata magistris,

Simplex Munditiis ; nec sine flore novo.

Hic pia Religio colit, hic veneranda supremi

Numina, Doctrinis haud maculata novis.

Parva Domus, longum sis huic te grata, colenti,

O longum, Huic maneat, utilis—Ille Deo—

TRANSLATED by a FRIEND.

HAIL sweet retirement, in whose happy cell

Content and meek-eyed piety doth dwell ;

Plain in thy neatness, at thy humble gate

Religion's self is seen and loves to wait.

May thou, blest mansion, long thy master trust

Be true to him, as he to God is just.

To Mrs. G—O, on her Birth-Day.

HAIL the return, my muse, of that blest morn,
 On which a maid of matchless worth was born !
 In the fair mirrour of whose lovely mind,
 We every grace, and every virtue find.
 Chaste, generous, grateful ; all in her combine
 To form a mortal, only NOT divine.
 Wit, judgement, learning, every human art,
 That grace the body, or improve the heart
 Are her's confest ; and all her actions guide :
 Her sex's envy and her sex's pride.
 In whose unfullied ray no cloud appears ;
 The charms of youth improving with her years.
 She, nor coquet, nor prude, avoids each vice,
 Reserv'dly virtuous, not demurely nice.
 A chearful freedom glows in every thought,
 Yet fears no censure, as she knows no fault.
 Her native goodness prompts her to bestow
 Balm to each wound, relief to ev'ry woe :
 The sick and poor her friendly influence share,
 In alms as lib'ral, as devout in prayer.
 Can envy's self such merit dare to stain ?
 She may attempt, but will attempt in vain.
 Collected vapours may prolong their stay :
 But shall these vapours hide the face of day ?
 No : truth and light alike shall brighter blaze ;
 The cloud once gone, that feebly hid their Rays,

An O D E to the M O O N,

Written in a Country Church-yard.

HAIL ! bright queen of silent night,
Deckt with robes of borrow'd light,
Grateful to the village fwain,
As he hies it o'er the plain,
To sing in artless notes his love,
To young Cleora in the neigh'bring grove.

'Tis thine to light the trav'ler home,
While witches dance about on broom,
And their haggish rights perform,
In wild hurricane and storm ;
And, dire to tell ! use magic art,
To marr the brains of youth, and burn the virgin's heart.

'Tis thine to hear the drowsy song
 Of moping owl the whole night long,
 Hooting to thee her dismal tale,
 How she's embower'd in the vale
 Of darkness; how day's glare she dreads
 When the high-towering larks forsake their lowly beds.

'Tis thine to hear the plaintive moan
 Of lovely innocence undone;
 'Tis thine to see the dagger's gleam,
 Red by fell murder's purple stream;
 But stop! the villain from the dark,
 Justice shall drag, and iron vengeance mark.

The following Copy of Verses address'd
to the Justices Ashurst and Gould,
by a Young Gentleman of Oakham-
School, entreating a Holiday.

CARCERE clausa dolens' (Factum crudele Tyranni!)

Voces ah trisli gutture promit avis ;

Exoptans lucos hilares modulamine fuavi,

Vix oculos tollit languidulumque caput.

Carcere clausus equus, retinacia rumpere gaudet

Vincula, et in notos, pascua, fertur agros.

Otia grata volunt animalia cuncta per orbem,

Servitiine jugum perferat acre puer ?

Nos schola discruciet si cessent festa dierum

Atque suo domino tedia dura ferat,

Herculeus labor est equidem labor actus in orbem,

Herculeum vero quis sibi sumat opus ?

Continuum nequeunt mortales ferre laborem

Ingenii dotes fedula cura terit.

Nonnunquam fœvum ponis Neptune tridentem,

Non arcum semper tendit Apollo suum ;

Nec Titan rutilans cursum renovare valeret

Exciperet gremio ni Thetis ipsa suo.

Doctrinæ nimium cupidi dolor angit ocellos,

Marcessit roseo lenis in ore rubor.

Justitiæ præses, votis, O annue nostris !

Oakhamiæ præstes otia læta scholæ ;

Dicimus ore uno successibus utere faustis

Dum vita ad finem defluat acta suum.

The same in ENGLISH,

Translated by Desire.

CLOSE in its cage pent up (ah cruel fate)
The plaintive bird bewails its luckless state,
With down-cast eyes and with a heart-fetch'd lay,
She wishes for the sweet return of day.

The fiery steed his shackles all defies,
And to the distant pasture quickly flies;
Freedom to all e'en infant nature spoke,
And shall we only then endure the yoke?

Incessant study will the genius dull,
The mind should glide like rivers, smooth, though full.

E'en Neptune sometimes lays his Trident by,
 Nor can thy shafts, O Cupid ! always fly ;
 The burnish'd Sun himself could not renew
 His course, unless, O Thetis ! lull'd by you :

Unless reclin'd on thy soft fragrant breast,
 He sipp'd the dewy sweets of balmy rest.
 The poring eyes a languor soon would seize,
 And in the roseate cheeks the life-blood freeze.

O thou great fire ! whom all our laws revere,
 To Oakham's students lend a gracious ear ;
 One day to us of mirth and joy be given,
 And may each day give thee the joys of Heaven.

TO FRANCIS HARGRAVE, *Esq.*

On his Edition

OF COKE LITTLETON.

WHILE justice rears her sacred head,
While on her bright imperial throne,
Sits mighty law in ermin clad,
With equal eye and steady hand
Pervading fair Britannia's land,
Claims Kings and Peasants for her own,
So long your Authors' name shall last,
While fame shall distant sound
With silver trump their skill profound
Pillars of every future age and glories of the past.

Accept, great FATHERS! O accept this lay,
 Which in the loom of Fancy spun
 Is proffer'd by an humble son
 To excellence so pure, to worth so rare,
 In this his present humble sphere
 The only duteous tribute he can pay.

O be propitious, and enroll
 Your vot'ry, in some splendid page,
 Where he your gen'rous, HONEST RAGE,
 GAINST KINGLY MANDATES dare unfold,
 And teach him how the majesty of law
 Proudly superior reigns o'er worldly awe.

Hail then bright Queen, pure source of joy,
 And meek-ey'd peace! to thee we bend,
 On thee alone we all depend,
 Left insolence of power annoy

Our lowly cot ; left Rapin's iron hand
 Quick crush our straw-built shed. Here then we stand
 Beneath thy sacred shrine, and here we crave
 Thy just protection from a lawless grave.

All hail ! the Prince and Peasant cry,
 Her seat is in the Deity :
 Her voice, the world's sweet harmony.
 All do thee homage, all obey
 Thy dictates and imperial sway.
 There's nought beneath thy care a single hour ;
 Nothing in heaven or earth above thy sacred power.

But say, O Hargrave, say, thy praise
 How shall my humble muse attempt to sing !
 Which ne'er yet soar'd on Theban wing.
 Yet, O accept these tributary lays,
 Which warmest admiration did inspire,
 And fill'd my panting breast with emulative fire.

Whate'er the one in deep compress
 Yet clear convictive stile express,
 Whate'er the other undertook
 By explanation to unlock :
 Whate'er civilians more diffuse
 For private or for public use ;
 In ancient or in modern lore,
 Wrote, or had written, still before :
 These, all, O Hargrave ! long thou'lt made thy own,
 And with unrivall'd splendour long hast shone.

Methinks I hear these sages say,
 Hargrave, our chosen son, go on :
 These sages then, great Sir, obey
 Be thou to us a guiding sun,
 While planets we in thy bright orbit run.

The following was written by a Relation of a Captain in the Navy, suppos'd to have been shipwreck'd and lost; but who, some Months after, was found to have been providentially sav'd from the Fury of the Waves, by having reach'd an Island on a Piece of the Wreck.

The Reader is not to expect here so much the Flowers of Poetry as the humble Weeds of Sorrow.

To the Feelings of a lively Mind, 'tis certain that here Rhapsody will be beautiful; Incoherence, grand and ornamental.

I.

WHAT! tho' the chill-cold hand of death
Has nipt thy rip'ning virtue's promis'd fruit!
Still the fresh blossoms of thy youth dispers'd,
The choicest fragrance round.

II.

What! tho' the lustre not yet ris'n
Shed no Meridian light!
It's dawning brightness still appear'd,
The sure glad harbinger of an early fun,
His future giant-courses long to run.

III.

Tho' storied urn yet cannot boast
Thy vict'ries over nations won,
Nor tell what triumphs to thy fame
A grateful country vow'd;
Still Britain's veteran sons of war
Thy virtue try'd in fearful deeds,
And with an honest pride thy virtue all approv'd.--

IV.

The noble Fielding oft will tell
 What future vict'ries he foresaw ;
 And gallant Rodney shall attest
 His youthful hero's praise.

V.

The hist'ry also which records
 The finish'd excellence of riper years ;
 Shall trace thy op'ning virtue to the fight,
 And tell how blasted were thy budding hope.

VI.

Mortal, who attend'st our song,
 Not unfavour'd of our train,
 Full-well we know thy patriot heart
 Beat responsive to our care ;
 Tell all the sons of Britain's Isle,
 That virtue's meed out-lives the wreck of time.

VII.

Mark ! his youthful visage wears
The gloomy greatness of despair !
On the deck the Captain stands,
Seeing his lab'ring vessel fail :
Raise ! raise her colours high ! he cry'd.
Thus e'en in death triumphant
Sinks quick ingulph'd. Such hearts can Britain boast !
Yes ; happy land ! tho' all thy foes combine
With perfidy and treason join !
The dauntless courage of thy loyal sons
Shall brave and vanquish all.

VIII.

Full many a fathom pass'd,
Thro' the dark and boundless deep,
The warrior-ship reluctant sinks,
And settles in her last long gloomy birth.

IX.

All arround her (pitying croud!)
Now stand, the gallant train of Britain's sons
Whilom by equal fate subdu'd,
Or, who more happily had fallen,
In glorious battle slain,
The gallant Balchen at their head
Rob'd in the fable garb of woe,
Feels his past sorrows now revive,
And grieves for labours, labours once his own.

X.

O had'st thou fallen as thy merit claim'd,
Amid'st the thund'ring cannon's roar
Then, by your great example taught,
The rising hope of Britain's sons
To deathless deeds would have aspired,
And England triumph'd, tho' her hero died.

XI.

But cease the useleſs plaint, and let's prepare
 The mournful rites and ſolemn obſequies,
 Till thoſe are paſs'd this gallant crew
 Muſt in this dreary diſmal priſon dwell.

XII.

And now in martial pomp, in due array,
 Slow from the ſhatter'd veſſel's deck
 Are born the bodies of her gallant crew ;
 While mourning Naiads toll their hapleſs knell.

XIII.

And firſt their gallant leader ſee,
 Borne by Engliſh Captains brave
 Who dying in their country's cauſe
 Had found a watry grave.———

XIV.

Morris there and Farmer fee
 With many a form of godlike worth ;
 Such as of old with transport mild
 Applauding wisdom lov'd to view !
 On a pile of arms compos'd,
 With many a row of coral deck'd,
 See the comely corpse is laid ;
 For, Ah ! in manhood's dawn he died,
 And roseate beauty's pride.

XV.

While (type of honour) o'er his head
 The azure flag her glory waves,
 And from the deep sonorous shell
 The solemn dirge is heard.
 Far happier thus e'en to have fallen

Than e'er surviv'd thy honest name,
 Thou virtuous, gallant youth!
 Or, having sold thy country's name,
 Thro' factious perfidy or fear,
 Paths of disgrac'd existence to have trod.

XVI.

Disgrac'd in ev'ry British Hero's mind!
 Tho' serpent eloquence, in studied phrase
 And gorgeous sentiment, shou'd deck,
 In some deep hallow'd vault or fainted Isle,
 Thy monumental (but, Ah! empty) shrine.

XVII.

Mature in honours, tho' but green in years,
 You sunk, with all your country's wishes blest!
 Happier far the life, tho' short,

To active worth assign'd!

Happier than years of indolence consum'd

In monkish apathy, or ignoble ease!

XVIII.

Where's now thy father's boast! thy mother's care!

Thy sisters wish! thy brothers hope!

Hope which already saw thee rais'd,

The future bulwark of Britannia's name.

Gone! gone as light clouds in a wintry sky,

Ah! never, never to return again.

XIX.

But, tho' a father mourns! a mother grieves!

A sister droops! a brother pines!

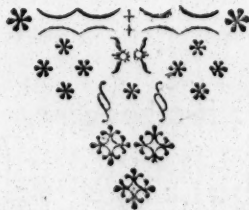
Comes not their grief allay'd with honest pride

And conscious joy!—thy merit's due.

Honour gain'd, by early worth
 Had in Fame's temple rais'd you high,
 Your parents' glory and your country's boast.

XX.

No faithful partner of a widow'd bed,
 No orphan child laments thy timeless fate :
 The flowers design'd to strew thy nuptial bowers
 Shed their sad honours o'er thy funeral bier.



A S O N G——An ORIGINAL.

I N Pleasure's flow'ry lap I lay,

No winds but Zephyrs blew,

My year was but one summer's day,

Dear Chlo', with Y - O - U.

No painter half so blythe or fair

His Venus ever drew,

As Strephon when in Fancy's chair,

He pencil'd,—Y - O - U.

Dear Chloe then support a swain,

Who bids the world adieu;

Unless he's rais'd to hope again,

The hope of Y - O - U.

ON A LATE LORD MAYOR,

Who could see his Friends before and his Foes
behind him at the same Time. —

ARGUS, because he had an hundred eyes,
Great Juno set to guard Jove's lovely prize,
Pho! Pho! says John, more praise to me is due,
Who see as well an *hundred ways* with *two*.



T O A L A D Y

With a Phial of *Ink*.

F AIR lady, do not me despise,

Tho' *black*, I'm honest, true and kind ;

Thro' damask cheeks, or sparkling eyes,

What mortal yet e'er read the mind ?

Ye fair ones then be sure to write,

In down-right honest *black* and *white*.

ON THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF
LORD MANSFIELD,

On the BENCH,

After the *R I O T* in June, 1780.

CÆLICOLÆ te vel puerum fovere : Minerva

Te voluit doctis inferuisse choris.

Te vidit, visumque Jovis magni uxor amavit,

Et tecum Æthereo gramine lusit Amor.

Sed quid plura ! tuus nuper servavit Apollo :

Angliaci ut maneat alter Apollo fori.

The following Imitation of Part of the
5th Ode of Horace, Book 3, was
written during the Campaign of a
certain General in America.

I.

WHEN Jove's almighty thunders roll
All hail him Lord from pole to pole:
Rome, her Augustus great and good,
(Who the proud Mede severe in war,
With Britons in triumphant car,
Led to her wide-extended shore
By victories unknown before,)
Rome her Augustus great and good
Shall with due honors own a present, present God.

II.

Where, Crassus, where's thy foldier now?
 Does he not meanly and inglorious throw
 His slavish arms now round a foreign bride?
 And (O disgrace! eternal shame!)
 Forgetful of the Roman name,
 Forgetful of his native pride,
 Fight in a foreign clime for pay,
 Whilst Rome and her own Jove blaze in full orb of day.

III.

This, this, wise Regulus fore-knew,
 And instant to the senate flew
 This to prevent.—There, nobly brave,
 He, e'er his country shou'd yield
 To terms disgraceful in the field
 Prefers a hostile grave.

IV.

I saw, said he, our eagles fly
In *punic* temples hung on high ;
I saw our standards in their fane
(Perish the direful, horrid truth,
Ne'er be it told our future youth)
Without one Roman slain.

V.

I saw, indignant saw, those hands
Which late thro' distant worlds were known
For triumphs got and battles won ;
Now manacled by slavish bands :
I saw those very fields now till'd
By them who once those fields with blood and slaughter
(ter fill'd.

VI.

He, who's re-bought with fordid gold,
Will he take arms more brave and bold?
On lofs, bafe infamy you rear :
Virtue, like wool, which once we ftain,
Can ne'er her native whitenefs gain :
True valour once effac'd fresh laurels ne'er will wear.



C A S I M I R.

O D E 23, B O O K 4.

A D C I C A D A M.

O Quæ populeâ summa sedens comâ
Cæli roriferis ebria lacrymis
Et te voce cicada
Et mutum recreas nemus.

Post longas hyemes, dum nimiûm brevis
Æstas se levibus præcipitat rotis
Festinos, age, lento
Solis excipe jurgio.

Ut se quæque dies attulit optima
Sic se quæque rapit, nulla fuit fatis
Unquam longa voluptas ;
Longus sæpiûs est dolor.

The foregoing Ode of C A S I M I R,
To the GRASS - HOPPER.

T R A N S L A T E D.

I.

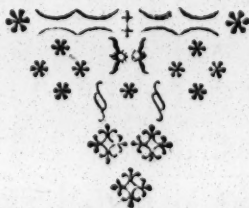
INSECT of envied song, that fit'st
Upon the top-moſt poplar bough,
Drench'd in the heaven-diſtill'd dew;
With thy enchanting ſelf-taught note
Thyſelf thou cheereſt and the grove that's mute.

II.

Winter now paſt, while ſhort-liv'd ſpring
Is poſting on its deſtin'd way;
Catch, quick, O! catch the tepid fun
And hail him on the rapid wind,
With thy own blithly-warbling throat
And nature's artleſs lay.

III.

As each day in its gilded car
Shoots from the radiant feat of Jove,
So each with hasty step full soon
Thither returns again.
Our joy is ever short : Our grief,
Alas ! Alas ! too long——



ON A FAVORITE

H E N - R O B I N,

Which had been shot, yet reach'd her Nest, where
she died upon her Young, which perish'd with her.

By a L A D Y.

SWEET, harmless warbler! hapless fate was thine!
For thee, the plaintive muse, shall breath a sigh:
Yet mild thy fate! poor bird! compar'd with mine,
Mine! still to live, to suffer, and to die.

Alas! the gentle partner of thy nest!
For him the feeling heart must surely bleed:
I saw the drooping mourner, late so blest,
To his keen sorrows, quickly mine succeed.

One day my Damon dropt with me the tear
That pity sheds, when worth and merit pines;
The next, Ah me! he press'd an early bier,
And all my joys to earth's cold breast consigns.

Yet rise my soul.—Above yon dazling sun
Jehovah reigns.—His will, not mine, be done.

On MARRIAGE.

HAIL! wedded love!—these words once hung
 On Milton's sweet ambrosiate tongue,
 Whose genius soar'd beyond the pole,
 Where suns in distant orbits roll :
 Hail ! wedded love ! pure, chaste desire !
 Bright emanation of the all-sacred Sire.
 Obedient to creative call
 Love's spirit o'er the waters mov'd,
 To chase old Chaos far away,
 And form the blushing face of day.
 Thus comely Order first improv'd
 On this terrestrial ball——
 A passion surely then divine,
 In which e'en Heaven itself so gloriously can shine.

CHORUS of YOUTHS.

Cupid then, thy torch that's brightest
Quickly light, and let it burn,
Ever round the blissful pair :

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

Venus too, with foot that's lightest,
Drench'd in soft æthereal dew,
Tip-toe trip in mazy turn ;
And this in flowrets fresh and fair,
Around the bridal bed bestrew—

CHORUS of YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

" Avaunt, grim Care—Nor those annoy,
Who in our purest rites an earthly-heaven enjoy."—

NUGIS PUDET ADDERE PONDUS.

INSULSUS scriptor Fastorum, et pseudo-propheta,
 (Quem vulgi nimiùm credula turba colit !)
 Quæ mala, quæ bona, sint anno labente futura,
 Inter fallaces ponit ephemeridas :
 Hybernumque gelu notat, Æstivosque calores,
 Arentes austros imbriferumque notum :
 Qui mensis morbos, et quæ feret hora salutem,
 Ire foras quando præstat, et esse domi.
 Multaque præterea similis commenta farinae
 Ordine disponit, singula quæque suo :
 Nil refert ceu quid, ceu non, prædixerit apte,
 Auguria hæc multâ plebs colit usque fide
 Et, si vitandum, si quicquam fors sit agendum,
 Solvendis nodis utile laudat opus !
 Hinc, quodcunque mali, vel quicquid triste futurum est,
 Stultorum trepidant anxia corda metu.
 Non (illo prohibente) boves educet arator,
 Ægra nec a medico pharmaca fumet anus !
 Quis tamen hic furor est ? Quæ tanta infania ? nugis
 Credere, queis Author non habet ipse, fidem.

Intended as an Exercise for a Young Gentleman at

S C H O O L.

Profit Ingenium—Hor.

GENIUS without STUDY.

IN days of Yore, was great dissention
And much poetical contention,
Which of the two cou'd vie the best
And longest stand the dubious test :
Grave *Study*, in his elbow chair ;
Or frolick *Nature*, debonaire.
This said , that Study bore the prize,
And rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
That every wrinkle in his face
Was only some peculiar grace.

If in the mid-day, he shou'd snore;

'Twas but for what? to know the more.

The taper too, that nightly gleam'd,

The owl, which o'er him ghastly scream'd,

Were lookt on as some mighty wonder,

His praises wider but to thunder.

So strong for him was predilection,

That even evident defection

Was right, — nay, was downright perfection.

Now for description: let us see,

Where we can find a simile!

Like, like;—egad! I cannot tell,

Unless, by help of magic spell;—

Rise, Endor's witch!—"I come."—Then do.

His eyes were of a livid hue,

Scarce able now to view the light,

Or to distinguish day from night.

Sunk in their sockets from before
 At least five inches, (if not more);
 Allowing for each dingy brow,
 That, pent-house like, o'er both did grow;
 His form was like a tall straight tree,
 Which on proud Lebanon we see;
 So beat with storms, you cannot trace
 A limb within it's proper place.
 His beard was tawny, and so grown,
 As prov'd it never had been mown.
 His visage; wan, and pale, and squallid;
 Was like a long-pluck'd, wither'd fallad:

Methinks, by tracing the *profound*,
 I now in families abound;
 But had I gone up in the air,
 I never shou'd have found them there:
 So hail, all hail! thou witch of Endor,
 Black, yellow, tall, low, thick or slender.

Another started up, and said,
 He'd bet a thousand on his head,
 That thus the Mope wou'd never do ;
 'Twas like a cork without a screw,
 And what cou'd signify his pother !
 Bad corks, good liquor always mother.
 That Genius, she must turn about,
 And be the screw to pull them out.
 Dame *Genius* must put in her plea,
 Or *Study* soon wou'd ousted be,
 Nor all the lawyers in the land
 Cou'd ever make his cause to stand
 The test ; e'en 'fore the sleepest drone,
 Which Hogarth on the bench has shewn.
 She, she must lead the way, and rove
 Thro' the still academic grove,
 And teach the Mope how he may know,
 That by *her* aid the line must glow :

That Study acts but half the part,
And Genius only perfects Art.

Thus was the contest carried on
For many a tedious circling sun.
And none amongst them cou'd agree,
So down at last, 'tis come to me :
To me, who ne'er as yet have play'd
In Helicon's delightful shade,
So hope my faults may now pass by
The rigour of a critic's eye.
Let then the Touch-stone of true merit
Start forth with energetic spirit,
Leaving old Priscian's musty rules
To drive some sense into some fools :
Try how far Genius has alone,
In majesty and splendor shone ;

How far without another's aid
 Has cast the finest light and shade
 O'er nature's works divinely drawn
 Thro' velvet mead, or russet lawn.
 The pencil in *her* hand displays
 The herds e'en lowing as they graze,
 The lambkins 'fore you sport and play :—
 In her description, all is May.

We need not go to distant climes,
 Nor travel far in classic times,
 To France, or Italy, or Rome,
 While we a *Shakespear* boast at home.

Shou'd he a garland but compose,
 You see, you touch, you smell the rose.
 So curious in its dress and show,
 That ev'ry flower does all but grow.

The pebbled brook, the mossy fountain,
 The daified vale, and cragged mountain;
 All, all to him, obedient yield,
 And own him Lord of Nature's field.
 The hag that mounts the northern air,
 Down, down she drops, if *Macbeth's* there,
 And, by the same superior spell,
 Again he drags her up from hell.

Where's *Priscian* now? He shakes his chain
 " Like dew-drops from the lyon's mane."

Shou'd sportive Nature form a plan }
 To give *new* life, and call it man }
 Behold! 'tis done in *Calaban*. }

A language too, made just to suit,
 Or *Calaban* had been a mute.

If the *first passion* you wou'd prove,
 In Romeo you've a *Juliet's* love,
 If *sorrow* shou'd affect the heart,
 Go, act,—and sigh out *Lear's* part.
 Shou'd *jealousy* the soul inflame.
 To madness, but *Othello* name.
 Sweet *Desdemona*! who can hear
 Thy fate, without the trickling tear!
 Thy light once out; ne'er, ne'er again,
 Can be relum'd, but by a *Shakespear's* pen. >



RARIS JUVAT AURIBUS PLACERE.

TENE avidi tandem rapuit manus improba lethi?

Tene? tuæ patriæ Graie, perennis honor!

At non æqualem tibi sæcula nostra dederunt!

Nec te majorem posteriora dabunt!

Est hederæ tibi palma, placet seu musa Tibulli,

Seu placet Æolio fulmine musa tonans!

Si tibi sit cordi dulces componere versus,

Lectorisque imo in corde ciere pathos;

Illum inter tumulos in cæmeteria ducis,

Rustica quâ mixtim turba sepulta jacet;

Illic ruricolæ meditando gaudia vitæ,

Quam vellem obscuræ fortis inire viam!

Si tamen infueto cupiens insistere tractu,

Vix ullo incedas quâ via trita pede;

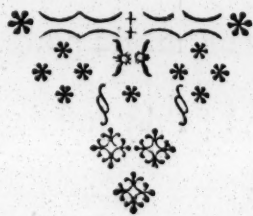
Protinus abripior tecum, et de vertice pindi

Audio Pindaricæ verba profunda lyræ !

Ille levem plausum, et populares ambiat aures

Qui velit ; est doctis, Graie, placere tuum.

Æolio Fulmine in the 6th line alludes to his Odes,
in which he seems to follow very close upon Pindar,
who wrote in the Doric or Æolic Dialect.



T R A N S L A T E D

BY THE A U T H O R.

AND has the hapless hand of cruel death
 At length, Oh Gray, now stopt thy vital breath!
 Sweet master of soft song, and soothing lays;
 Thy Country's honor and thy Country's praise.
 To thee the *present age* no peer can give,
 Nor in the *future* shall your equal live,
 Whether Tibullus' gentler muse delight,
 Or on Pindaric steeds you wing your flight;
 In both we find your magic power to please,
 In both you rise and fall by just degrees.
 If in the softer paths you mean to stray,
 And round the beating heart pathetic play

Instant you lead us to the silent tomb,
 Where erst you wove in Fancy's pensive loom
 Sweet Elegy; and where a rustic heap
 Of "*village Hampdens* undistinguish'd sleep.
 When in thy lines the vernal beauties rise,
 And scene on scene starts fresh before my eyes;
 How do I envy the enchanting song,
 And glow to join me to your artless throng!
 But if some nobler theme you deign to sing,
 Quick, quick I hear the loud majestic string
 Burst forth in sound: such, such thy matchless lyre
 That ev'ry touch glows with a Pindar's fire.
 Hence then all vain, and giddy, empty praise!
 'Tis thine, O Gray, alone the Learn'd to please,
 And they alone bestow Apollo's bays.

D E C A L O G U S,

From J O N S T O N ' s P S A L M S.

ME solum venerare Deum; nec sculpe quod oras :

Impia nec vox sit : Luce quiesce sacrâ :

Majores reverenter habe ; nec sanguine dextram

Infice ; nec sancti pollue jura tori.

Pura manus furti : sit falsi nescia lingua :

Nullius optetur verna, marita, pecus.



Imitated in the same number of Lines.

ΑΙ ΕΝΤΟΛΑΙ.

ΤΟΝ με Θεον τιμα· Ἵχρη δ' οὐκ εἰδῶλα σεβέσθαι·

Φραζ' ἀγίως· Ἀγίῳ ἡματι λήγε πόνε·

Σὺ τοκέας σὺ γεραιρε· Δ' ἐν αἱματὶ μὴ σὺ μολυνοῖς

Χ' εἰρας, μὴδ' ἑτέρῃ φθείρε γυναῖκα βροτῶ.

Οὐκ ἀρ' ἐστὶ Κλεπτῆς· Οὐ ψευδεὶ γείτονα βλαψεῖς·

Οὐκ ἐπιθυμήσεις Κτημάτα δ' αλλοτρίᾳ.



DOCTOR FORSTER,
Of E T O N.

The Antagonist of Primate, in the Dispute
concerning Greek Accents.

Εἰς τὸν τῷ ABHΛ ταφον.

ABHΛ ἐνθαδὲ κείμει· ὃδ' ἐγγυθεν ἐστὶν ὁ Βωμος,
Ὅς μὲν ἐπευχόμενος πόλλ' αὖτις δῶρ' ἔφερεν.
Εἶδε Θεὸς καὶ ἐτερπετ', ὃδ' οὐκ ἐπετερπετ' ἀδελφος,
Ἐν γὰρ ἐμῷ σφαγίοις αἷμ' ἐνέμιξε Φονεὺς.
Ἀλλὰ νῦν εἰ περ εἶδης, ξέν' ἀλώμενον (εἴ δὲ κέν ἐγναίης,
Τοῖον οἱ ὀργισθεὶς Στίγμ' ἐπέθηκε Θεός)
Εἰπέ τω ἀνδρὶ ἀλιτηρῷ, ὅτ' οὐκ ἔμετ' ἡ τότε πληγὴ
Ὀλεσεν, ἀλλ' αὐτὸν, λευγάλεον τε γένος.
Ἄ δειλὸι μετόπισθεν ἀδελφοί ! ἐξ ἂρ' ἐκεῖν' ἔργα
Πικρὰ διχόσασίνης ἔργα διδάξαίμενοι.
Ἄ δειλὸν το βροτῆιον ἅπαν γένος ! οἷσιν ἀνωχθὲν
(Τὸ πρὶν ἀποκλῆσαι) νῦν αἰδαο πύλαι !

Attempted in the same number of Lines.

HIC Abel jaceo. Stat juxta altare, precantis

En! quod sæpe mei munera sacra tulit.

Hoc vidit Deus et placuit; sed vidit inique

Frater, et in fratrem canduit ira ferox.

Si forte aspiceres (facile hic noscendus) in irâ

Signum huic tale aiunt imposuisse Deum,

Dic peccatori, non me solùm abstulit ictu

At morti dederit se, miserumque genus.

Heu! mortale genus! inter discordia fratres

Jam nunc discendum quot mala dira trahit.

Ex hoc, heu fratres miseri! queis janua mortis

Nunc patet, Ah! vobis janua clausa prius.

On a G A R D E N,

O F all delights the indulgent Gods bestow

Upon their favourite mortals here below,

What can thro' nature with the garden vye,

Whose beauties footh the mind and charm the eye!

What various flowers adorn the rising year

When every scene does some new graces wear!

The Primrose, Iris, Hyacinth, Jonquill,

Each painted border of the garden fill.

Now nature lavish does her sweets dispense

To feast the mind and gratify the sense.

When golden fruit on every bough appears,

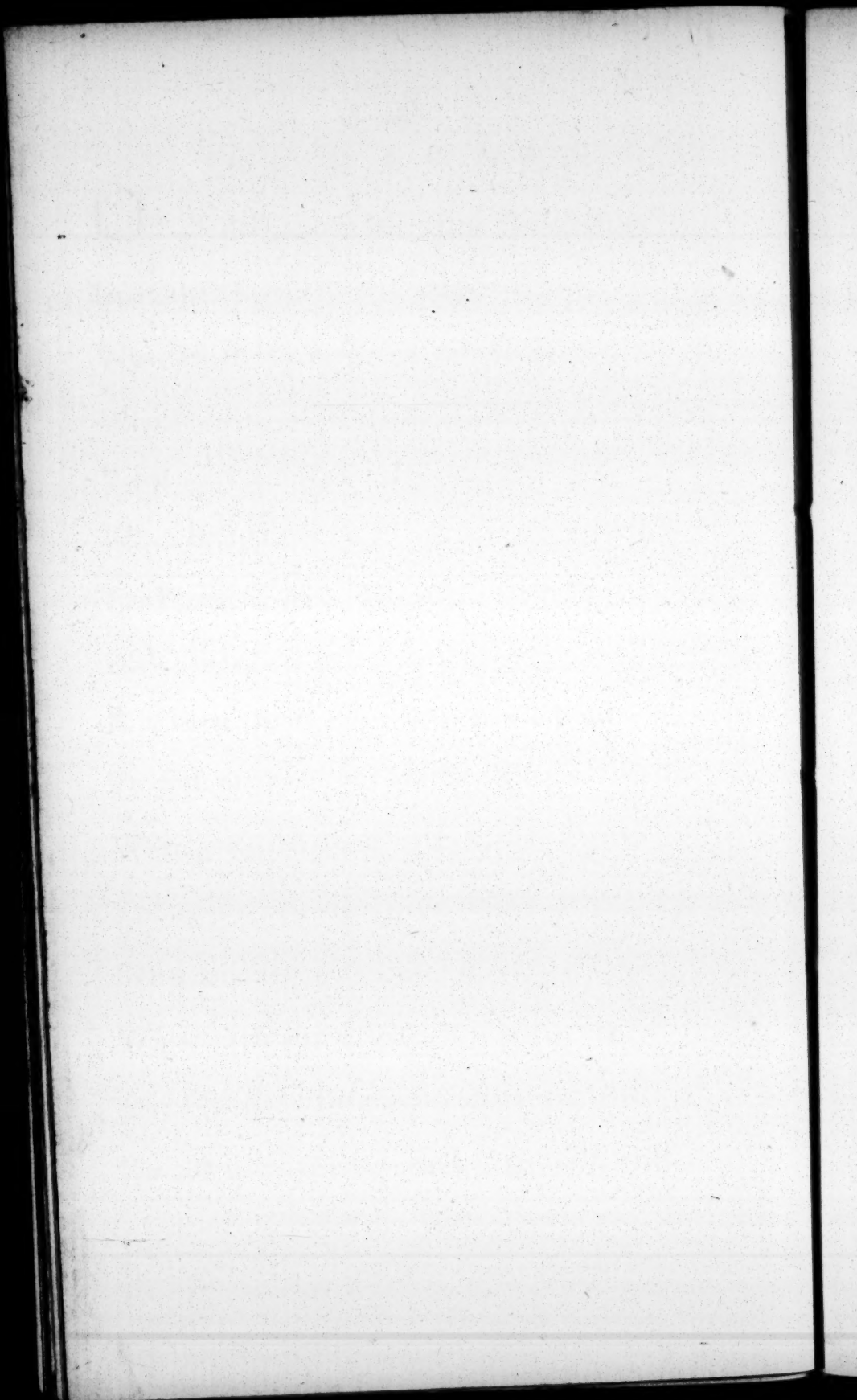
And amply now rewards the artist's cares :

What rare conjunction here is found alone,

Where profit and delight are join'd in one.

O blissful feat! Here pure content must rise

To him that's virtuous—and, if virtuous, wise.



A P P E N D I X:

THE Author having by accident very lately met with a short treatise on the subject of *Parochial Music, &c.* by the Rev. Dr. VINCENT, sends forth, (with all due submission) to the public eye, the following Versions, done nearly extempore, as an humble specimen of a work so apparently necessary in the present age for a Christian Congregation, and which will be attempted on the propos'd Plan, on a due encouragement to such an undertaking.

Confiderations on Parochial Mufic. P. 30.

THAT the people have not attained, or, rather, have loft their relifh for Parochial Mufic, is owing partly to the caufes of difguft already enumerated, and partly to the poornefs of metrical compofition appropriated to this ufe.

In the verfification of Sternhold and Hopkins * there are few ftanzas which do not give offence or excite ridicule. This failing, however, is not imputable to the poets, but to the age. The cenfure of verfe,—the cadence produced by accent,—the power and eafe of expreffion,—the precision of rhyme, [were all points little understood at a period, when the language had not yet been taught to feel its own powers, or its

* Dr. Brown

materials rendered tractable by fabrication. Many inaccuracies likewise of other kinds offensive to our ears, were probably not unpleasing to our ancestors. But if from the improvement of our language, or the refinement of our knowledge, the whole is become unfit for its office, the dictates of reason and the service of religion require, that it should now be discarded, and some substitute prepare to supply its place. To this there is little obstruction, but the expence of purchasing a sufficient number of copies of the new version for the use of country congregations, and if the parish would make the first purchase at the general expence, the supply could be afterwards easily kept up at the charge of individuals.

“ The new version of Brady and Tate is privileged by royal authority, and though not excellent, is not intolerable,” in the opinion of a competent judge *. Possibly we might with justice go a step farther, and say,— that some degree of fastidiousness has been indulged in judging this version. There is certainly nothing in it to offend the ear, and little to revolt the understanding. These qualifications are sufficient to recommend it for popular use, nor ought we to expect high strains of poetry or perfect composition in works of this kind; if the best poets of the last age had contributed to form a version, it would not have given universal satisfaction. Brady and

* Dr. Brown.

Tate, though not poets †, are by no means intolerable versifiers.

But if psalmody was once restored to its original rank and estimation, it would become an object of regard to the ruling powers, to have this whole matter reconsidered and revised. In that case, it would not be difficult to form a collection from different authors, which might carry this point as near perfection as is requisite. There is a version by King James I. which Mr. Pope commends, and is worthy of his commendation; there is another by Sandys; an excellent one by Dr. Merrick;

† The chief objection to their version is the loss of the metre adapted to the Music of the old 104th Psalm. There is only one Psalm in the new version to that metre, and that one of the poorest in the collection.

there are detached psalms in Milton and other authors; all which might be examined appreciated, and a whole formed which would do honour to our own, or any other Church; and if such a selection were once sanctioned by Episcopal and Royal authority, it would come to the people with every prospect of producing all the reformation that is desired.

“ Such a work as this would contribute to form
 “ a national taste, as well as promote the national
 “ religion; nor is it impossible that with suitable encouragement religious Music should again enter into
 “ the recreation of domestic leisure, and revive the sentiments of primitive Religion.



P S A L M XV.

I.

WHO in thy tabernacle, Lord,
Of righteousness, shall dwell ?
Or rise on Sion's fav'rite hill,
Thy wond'rous works to tell ?

II.

Even he, whose life is pure, and free
From each insidious smile ;
Who ne'er, with words of low deceit,
His neighbour will beguile.

III.

He, whom humility doth deck ;
Whom pride can ne'er assail :
Who loveth them that fear the Lord ;
The Lord will never fail.

IV.

He, who his solemn promise gives,
And makes that promise good:
Tho' to his unsuspected loss
That very promise stood.

V.

He, who has not increas'd his store
By Usury's lawless hand,
Nor 'gainst the good, for vile reward,
With blood defil'd the land.

VI.

The man, who nobly dares to tread
In righteous steps like these;
Shall never fall: This man alone
The Lord his God shall please.

Part of the CXXXIX PSALM.

I.

THOU, Lord, hast known and search'd me out,
Thou know'st if down I lie,
My rising up, yea, all my thoughts
Thy God-head's sure to spy.

II.

My peaceful bed, my winding path
Thy providence surveys;
And thou, O Lord, with wisdom's fan
Hast winnowed all my ways——

III.

For in my tongue there's not a word
But lo ! is known to thee :
Before the thought, thou know'st what, Lord,
The very word shall be.

IV.

Before, behind, on every side,
Thy plastic hand I feel;
On ev'ry member thou hast set
Thy own almighty seal.

V.

Such knowledge is too high for me,
Too wide the scope and plan :
Too deep for him to comprehend
Who is no more than man.

VI.

Where shall I from thy spirit go ?
Where from thy presence fly ?
Thy presence, Lord, fills time and space,
Thy spirit's always nigh.

VII.

If to the Heav'n of Heav'ns I climb,
There thou'rt in robes of light :
If down to hell I dart my way,
In hell thou see'st my flight.

VIII.

If on the morning's rapid wing
I seek the distant main,
E'en there thy hand shall hold me, Lord,
And lead me back again.

IX.

The night shall hide my soul from thee,
Lord, shou'd I heedless say :
*Instant by thy all-piercing sight,
My night shall turn to day.

X.

The raven-wings of night, O Lord,
To thee, no darkness bring :
For night and day are both alike
To Heav'n's eternal King.



